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THE

Commonweal

PADRE PIO

by Sean O'Faolain

McCarthyism: A Challenge and Reply

by Philip Burnham and The Editors

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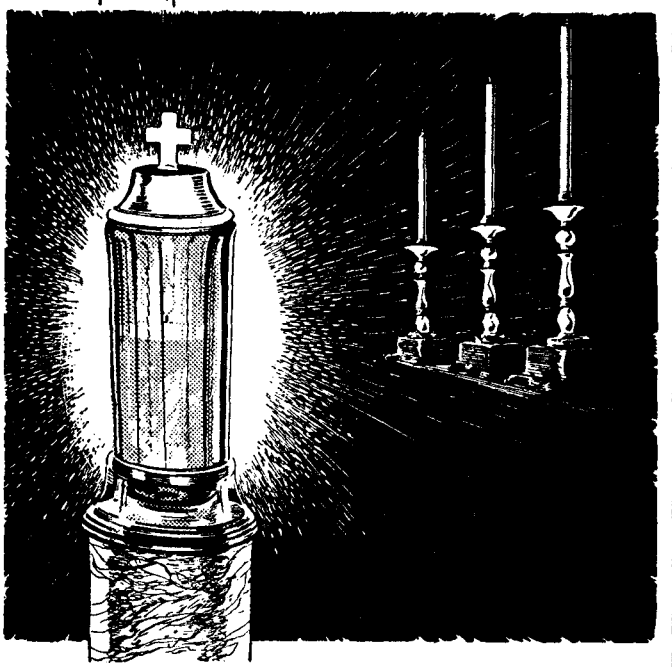

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THE
Commonweal
week by week

THE RIGHTS OF THE GUILTY?

THREE weeks ago this magazine published an article entitled "The Rights of the Guilty." To some readers, trained in the traditional philosophy of Scholasticism, these very words seemed to be contradictory. Whatever rights the guilty have, they argued, they are not to be found in the area of their guilt; indeed, even to speak of the "rights of the guilty" is a philosophical absurdity; the guilty in so far as they are not innocent have no rights.

It seems to us that the failure here to distinguish between moral rights and legal rights is the basis of much misunderstanding among Americans, especially between American Catholics and others. Not only in this instance where Congressional investigations were under discussion but in other cases of censorship and police repression, failure to make such a distinction befogs controversy.

Let us try to spell out our meaning. We know that among those who are actively engaged in protecting American civil liberties are many with whom Catholics would have to take serious issue as far as a fundamental philosophy of moral rights and duties are concerned. There are many who seem to believe that the state or the political authority actually is empowered not only to protect but actually to confer certain moral rights without reference to any objective natural or divine law. Thus the fact that the state authorizes divorce or certain medical practices is supposed to confer upon the citizen the (moral) right to practice what the political authority permits. Thinkers of this kind, who equate American patriotism with a free-wheeling moral relativism, are the ones who find it "undemocratic" and "unpatriotic" that the Church should brand as immoral what the government permits. How, they ask, does any Church enjoying freedom in the American climate, dare pronounce, for instance, on the morality of surgery which is conducted every day in American hospitals?

It is not necessary to elaborate on the implicit totalitarianism of this kind of thinking. It would make of the state the absolute arbiter in matters of morality and in the final analysis render unto Caesar what belongs to God.

In reaction perhaps to this manner of "liberal" thinking, some Catholics fall into an error along parallel lines. As their secularist counterparts equate moral rights with civil rights, they in turn tend to identify the two and make of our traditional civil liberties no more than a political expression of those rights we hold as men before God. Thus a phrase like "the rights of the guilty" strikes them as absurd. What right, they ask, does a man have to cheat, or lie, to murder or conspire to destroy the Republic? What right indeed has a man to betray the community he lives in?

The answer, of course, must be that he has no right at all. But that does not mean that the cheat, the liar, the murderer or the subversive has lost his claim to the due process of law, to a fair trial, to the legal presumption that he is innocent until he is proved guilty and not vice versa. In this sense the guilty do have (civil) rights and they are exactly the rights of the innocent. Until the final verdict the law knows nothing of guilt: until that point—however clear the American's guilt may be to his fellows—he is innocent in the eyes of the law.

THIS is our legal system. This is our political way of life. There are other systems, and sometimes it seems that the traditional textbooks were written with them in mind. There are political societies where the presumption is that a man is guilty until he proves his innocence. There are legal systems which employ the inquisition method to trap the guilty rather than the open court. But this is not the American system. Ours is a system of almost exaggerated respect for the individual and was founded on a deep distrust of the state's exercising sweeping powers.

The liberties we enjoy as citizens we call "civil rights," though there is an ambiguity in the word

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"rights" which causes some of the confusion. We do not believe that the state confers moral rights upon its citizens; these come from God, they are limited by the nature of man and by the unchanging divine law—and the state undertakes only to protect them. This protection we call our "civil rights." And to this might be added those exemptions from state interference in certain areas where the people have called a halt on the state's powers to interfere—notably the area of religion and of culture. These immunities, too, we call "civil rights." Finally there are those restrictions on the state in the ordinary exercise of its powers which we call "civil rights"—the established procedures of the court, the elaborate machinery that protects guilty and innocent alike from harassment and easy conviction and the subservience of the individual to the general needs of the government.

These "civil rights" do not constitute a right to lie, steal, murder or subvert. They are not moral empowerments. But they do constitute a right to be fairly apprehended, fairly tried and fairly sentenced after one has lied, stolen, murdered and subverted. And when once the safeguards which protect these civil rights are ignored or flouted—when it is held that the guilty really have no (civil) rights—it becomes impossible to separate the guilty from the innocent. It is for this reason that we are ever alert to any attack on our civil liberties. It is beside the point to argue that error, or sin, or guilt has no rights when one is talking about civil liberties in America.

NEXT WEEK

SEYMOUR KRIM writes about Thomas Wolfe.

"Wolfe made urgent what the majority took for granted, often disproportionately and nakedly, but by so doing he dramatized the relationship of the individual ego to the mass of American life. In fact so strong was his necessity for expressing the need of the unmoored individual ego in a society which is experimental and untraditional that he forewent the conventions of the regular novel in order to 'get it all down' on the page. When we read him we read the confessions—trace the inner soul, as it were, with nothing left out—of a characteristic American of the first third of the century, raised to fever pitch. Wolfe's giant frame and hungers, instead of making him freakish or unique, merely emphasized what was typical of the stock from which he came."

THE SITUATION

ONE of the most confusing things currently in the American press is the contradiction between the conjectures about Russia since Stalin's death. For some weeks we are told that Malenkov has no power to speak of; it is Molotov who is calling the turn. Then Malenkov makes a speech and the commentators rush to assure us that he has been running things all along. Stalin's policies go through a similar cycle in the pages of our journals. One week his program is being abandoned plank by plank; the next it is being faithfully pursued by his successors. And all this is abundantly documented by citations from the Russian press, changes of official personnel and various moves in the diplomatic arena. Frank admission that we know very little about the internal post-Stalin struggle in the Kremlin would be rather palatable at this point.

Another terrain yields similar disparities—that of the Soviet Union's power to produce. On the one hand the Russian threat of the H-bomb is everywhere taken very seriously; the Russian air force also commands universal respect; Moscow's heavy industry figures show tremendous gains in the production of basic materials. Yet veterans of World War II tell of countless instances of Russian ineptitude with all sorts of mechanical equipment. Word also leaks out of new Russian houses which have collapsed even before they are occupied and of a wide range of building and production failures. But despite these contrasts the picture here is clearer. To count on technical incapacity in the Russian armed forces or key industries would today be folly.

Finally there is the matter of the satellite nations. Here the evidence is unmistakable. The antagonism of the peoples of Eastern Europe to their new masters is of the most stubborn sort. It is something that could be counted on in a showdown. Yet when Russian troops and tanks arrive to quell disorders there is no withstanding them. Russian might therefore sets limits to what can be accomplished in these border States by mere encouragement from without.

The American task would seem to be chiefly to keep alive the hope of eventual liberation. The warm reception of escapees, good economic and political conditions in adjoining Western lands and skillful broadcasting of such conditions, and of our ideals, will tend to build up and sustain passive resistance, whereas instigation of active resistance now—however temporarily embarrassing to the Russians—would soon deprive the subject peoples of their leaders. Do the Allies have any other choice?

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DUE PROCESS

EARLY this year Edward S. Allen, the Police Chief of Youngstown, Ohio, started a campaign against the sale of obscene and indecent literature. As part of the campaign he prepared a list of one hundred and eight paper bound books and thirty-three magazines. The list was sent to Bernard Bloch, local distributor of the books, requesting that he remove them from all newsstands. Failure to comply with this request, Allen said, would result in arrest and prosecution of the distributor or any dealers who "display or sell their periodicals." Among the books listed were three novels by James T. Farrell and two by Alberto Moravia. They and the others were removed.

The New American Library, publisher of eleven of the books in question, then brought suit against Chief Allen and the City of Youngstown. The plaintiff alleged that the ordinance under which the books had been banned was unconstitutional, and that in banning them the Chief of Police had transcended his powers.

In August a Federal Court reached a decision in the case. In it Judge McNamee upheld the constitutionality of Youngstown's anti-obscenity ordinance but declared that in acting as a self-appointed censor the Police Chief had indeed transcended his powers. Enforcement of such an ordinance, the Judge said, must follow due process.

In a case such as this due process was flagrantly violated. "Not only did the defendant exceed his lawful powers in suppressing the publications," Judge McNamee declared, "but the methods he employed in censoring the books were arbitrary and unreasonable. This is not to impugn the defendant's sincerity of purpose or his praiseworthy ambition to suppress lewd and indecent literature. But a Chief of Police, like all other public officials, must act within the scope of his express and implied powers under the law. . . .

"Arbitrary power inspired by good motives, no less than that motivated by evil intent, is an attack upon the supremacy of the law. It is of the utmost importance to prevent the distribution of all forms of indecent and lewd literature with its demoralizing effects upon the young. It is vital in the interest of public morality that the laws against obscenity be vigorously enforced. But if a free society is to endure, its primary obligation is to protect its government of laws against all intrusions of arbitrary power."

These words deserve wide quotation. They are a concise statement of the real point at issue in numerous cases of this kind. The right of a community to protect itself by law against the distribution of obscenity should be obvious. It should be equally obvious that the question of whether or not a particular book is indeed obscene must be decided in court after the testimony of competent witnesses has been heard.

The question of what books should be banned cannot be left to the determination of police officials or private groups, no matter how laudable their intentions may be. That way lies chaos and the death of freedom. Judge McNamee's decision set right an intolerable local situation but it could serve as a model for other American cities faced with a similar problem.

NEW INDIAN LAWS

IN recent decades, at least, the descendants of the North American aborigines have enjoyed special solicitude on the part of the government of the United States. They have had special courts to protect their land holdings, schools and hospitals, substantial compensation when their lands contained oil or were expropriated for power developments or flood control. Some Indians have, of course, been done out of property that had been assigned to them, but official policy under both parties has been benevolent, if not reparatory, in intent.

Visitors to our Indian Reservations have long noticed that such special status has brought its disadvantages. Economic conditions vary widely among our Indian settlements, but contact with the white man's world and the protracted state of tutelage have inevitably weakened the Indian's society and sapped his moral fiber. These wards of the state have grown content with letting others take care of them. And when big money has come their way they have shown a talent for speedily throwing it to the four winds.

To find a policy that will work out best for the descendants of the original inhabitants of this continent is difficult in the extreme. It has been the subject of recurring controversy in Washington and elsewhere. The laws which President Eisenhower has just signed may foreshadow a major change in our Indian policy. The ultimate object is to bring the Indians out of their state of tutelage. The immediate aim of shifting civil and criminal cases involving Indians, or on Indian lands, to state courts in California, Minnesota, Nebraska, Oregon and Wisconsin is further protection by the law. For, hitherto, lesser crimes and civil injustices have gone untried, as they were not susceptible to action in the federal courts.

All along the line solicitude for the wishes and

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well-being of the Indian is quite marked. Congress itself specifically excepted from the change the three tribes that preferred to remain under the jurisdiction of the federal courts. The President called for an amendment that would give the Indians in other states a due hearing before similar changes were effected. Governors of states with Indian populations not heretofore named were also requested by the White House to heed the wishes of their Indian constituents and to avoid any "precipitate" action. They promised consultation without exception. Good-will toward the American Indian appears plentiful; what is lacking so far is a program that gives adequate promise of enabling the Indian to become a full-fledged citizen imbued with some of his ancestral virtues.

CONFLICTING DUTIES

ON August 19 President Eisenhower is scheduled to come to New York City to register for the city's November election. Since it seems likely that he will register as a Republican, no conflicts of conscience or party loyalty are likely to occur here. But while in New York Mr. Eisenhower will fulfill another task which may remind some people of that case of political schizophrenia which Adlai Stevenson described as the besetting malady of the GOP. After registering as the good Republican he is, the President will proceed to the dedication of a $32,000,000 federal slum clearance and low rent housing project in Manhattan.

We don't know what Mr. Eisenhower will say at the dedication of this prime example of the "creeping socialism" which he has denounced in the Truman Administration. We don't know what conflicts he may feel as he christens this work of the do-gooders. The occasion is an interesting one, filled with dramatic possibilities, but we feel reasonably sure that the President, even after his act of partisan piety in the morning, will not find it in his heart to denounce this "socialistic" achievement in the afternoon.

ALL THE SAD YOUNG MEN

SCOTT Fitzgerald wrote not too long ago about the romantics. Hemingway took them to Spain to die in love; in the tolerable tragedy of romantic death. The books and plays of the thirties were about commitment: to politics certainly, and to ideals and social change, but also to the many single things which no longer seem to give excitement. Excitement is gone; it is like staled beer.

What young writer today would say "If the books didn't sell, I think I'd be a bear trainer. I like to wrestle with the bears"? That was said by Hemingway in Paris a few weeks ago. It doesn't matter whether it is silly—it is just that he *said* it. Bears, bulls and ordnance. They are single things, but Hemingway loves them and they mean something. Now the young novelists live in folksy Greenwich Village.

It seems that the romantics are dead. There were a few left in the forties, but they passed on with the atom bomb and John Barrymore. The Korean war was fought without them. There were no romantics there. The volunteers were Regulars: twenty year men, Prewitts with ten thousand dollars life insurance.

The Veterans Administration reports that the new veterans are solemn and docile. They don't talk back and they say, "well, that's the way the ball bounces." Their cause is a Chrysler.

The books of this generation of sad young men are precious. Their plays are sentimentalities about the Camino Real. If they travel, it is on a scholarship, and they go to Paris, not to Afghanistan.

Of course, the new veterans have another saying: "no sweat," which means, relax, don't worry. And if "no sweat" turns out to be false prophecy, then the ball has bounced badly.

Perhaps Hans Sahl came close to the target in an article in this magazine three weeks ago. He said that there has been no film to capture the unique crisis of the fifties. There is no "Potemkin," only a "Man on the Tightrope." This is quite comprehensible, for things have simply come unstuck. The categories have fallen. Radicals are reactionaries, Republicans are Democrats and Democrats are out. The Mayor of Philadelphia wrote a program for "liberalism" in a recent issue of the *Atlantic*, and it sounded as contemporary as a Caruso record.

So many people of good will are, like the Mayor of Philadelphia, still applying the formulae which no longer fit. What people have actually grasped this decade?

The people who have, seem to be those who have suffered a great deal. Orwell has suddenly become a figure of our time. And he was no romantic. He was a moralist.

It would seem that we strive to erect structures of civilization like spider webs. They are periodically knocked down and we are back where we started—with moral questions, the icy individual matters which we prefer to avoid looking at as we pass on the street. So it is now. The romantic is dead. The tragedian takes his place. And that is the way the ball bounces.

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Visit to Padre Pio

BECAUSE THE HUMANITY OF THE CAPUCHIN MYSTIC IS SO EVIDENT HIS SANCTITY IS ALL THE MORE IMPRESSIVE.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN

FOGGIA slept in its dust. The morning star glistened over the railway station as I walked up there in search of a coffee at the buffet. In its wide porches and halls men were asleep on the marble floor, among packages wrapped in canvas or paper. Had I known it I had beneath my feet, as I picked my way towards the buffet—which was closed—a vivid image of the social history of modern Italy: that constant migration from south to north which is perpetually diluting the culture of the north without appreciably diminishing the population of the south. I was far too intent on getting my breakfast to take the hint just then. I finally, and tardily, got my coffee at the bus station, much annoyed at not having had the gumption to go there in the first instance. I found there a medley of pilgrims, poor, well off, young, old, country folk with scarves for headgear and big packages, a naval officer, two lovers. There were also half a dozen farm laborers who were my first glimpse of that peculiar southern Italian phenomenon, the landless laborer who lives in a town-slum by night and toils on the landlord's farm, miles away, by day. Beside me I found an old, berry-brown, big-breasted peasant woman from Bologna. She wore a scarlet bandanna around her gray head. In her lap she carried a big black bundle, presumably her food and bedding.

We set off, in the vague early-morning light, the olives mere veils of shadows on the level plain, through enormous farms which were clearly owned, or being run by, wealthy entrepreneurs, for not once, for mile after mile along the straight roads, did we pass a house. Being autumn the whole land was bare. Here and there in this vacancy we dropped a farm laborer. Presently we began to climb into the hills and the land became awesome and grim; no olives, only a few almonds; rocks everywhere, white, jagged, treeless. We were entering the barren Gargano, where a single almond tree was an event, and a grubby tavern was civilization. Had I seen the skeleton of a horse by the wayside I should have taken it for granted. Now and again, in the endless grayness, whiteness and dustiness, a hut, and always with each such a stone cistern. Water famine? The little bus grunted up and up, round and round in fearless style. The rising heat began to irk us but the spirits of the pilgrims rose with every contour. We began to talk to one another.

My old peasant woman told me that this was her third effort to speak to Padre Pio. On her previous two visits the crowds had been so dense that she had been unable to reach the confessional. Apparently, on arrival, each pilgrim enters his name on an already lengthy list, and if his name is not called before his time to depart his visit will have been in vain. I anticipated a Chekhovian monastery, with hundreds of pilgrims trailing in across the steppe, sitting all night beside a foggy river, waiting for the ferryman, their faces flickering in the light of great bonfires.

THE village of San Giovanni is picturesque enough. There is a pleasant, dusty little piazza, with a few trees, washing out to dry, idlers, the usual political slogans on the walls, a cinema with a gaudy poster depicting Mr. Robert Taylor kissing a blonde in semi-undress. The road begins, then, to climb up the last incline to the little monastery, five hundred years old, once a hermitage in a wilderness. Half-way up we pass a colossal, blinding-white, modern hospital, such as would be normally proportionate to New York or Rome, to Paris or London. On this bleak mountain, overlooking that mighty, empty plain, miles from anywhere, it was as incredible as a glasshouse in the Arctic. It has been financed largely by American money, chiefly through the influence of an Italian-American, Fiorello La Guardia, one-time Mayor of New York; UNRRA was the canal for the cash. All along the road a new village has begun to sprout; new villas, new shops, new restaurants, new hotels; mostly hideous. It was like being in at the start of a new mining city or a new Lourdes; for Lourdes must have been like this when the news of the first miracles broke on the world while Bernadette was still alive.

This article is an excerpt from Sean O'Faolain's "An Autumn in Italy," which is to be published early next month by Devin-Adair ($3.50). Mr. O'Faolain is author of "Newman's Way," "A Summer in Italy," and several volumes of fiction.

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There at last at the top of the rise was the monastery, the old, weather-worn chapel, and a couple of tree-tops rose beyond the cloister wall. In the open space before the monastery were long-distance buses, a few motor cars, one taxi with a wheel-chair strapped on top and another with a pair of crutches stuck out of the window. Pilgrims hung about as patiently as dray horses. They were waiting for the holy man to come out, hear confessions and say Mass. Inside it was much more like a Chekhov picture. There was a continuous jostle in the dusty corridors. I could not make out what people were doing there. I doubt if they knew. In what looked like a sacristy there was a babbling mob. I came, and went, and came and went, and always it was the same.

Then, suddenly, the holy man appeared, a bearded Capuchin of about sixty-two, brown robed, brown eyed, stern looking, rotund, thrusting his way through the crowd that surged about him, trying to touch his garment, blessing him with excited cries. They would, perhaps, have crowded in the same way about a famous boxer or film star, except that there was, here, no vulgar curiosity, no human admiration, no material desire. And then a queer incident occurred. A sallow, keen-eyed youth stood imperiously in the Capuchin's path. The priest glared at him for a second, stretched out his arm, and cried out: "Va! Diavolo!" ("Begone, Satan!") The youth wavered, paled, slunk back into the mob, and was lost in it.

I chanced to meet this young man later in the evening and I asked him to explain what had happened. He said: "I am a clerk in Milan. I am not a believer. That is to say, I am an agnostic. I had a serious operation last year and my mother promised that if I recovered she would take me to Padre Pio. To please her I came here. I had said nothing to Padre Pio. I merely stood and looked at him, out of curiosity. I do not know how he knew that I am an agnostic. I can tell you he frightened me when he said 'Begone, Satan!' Do I believe now?" He shrugged. "It may have been a sort of second-sight. There is such a thing. I know what Hamlet said. 'There are more things in Heaven and earth. . . .' Shall I ever believe? Who knows? I have plenty of time yet." He was not perturbed as he spoke to me. Indeed, he seemed rather proud of his adventure. He pointed out his mother to me. The old lady sat apart, her beads between her fingers, praying, it may be, for her son.

WHAT chiefly struck me about the priest was that there was nothing ascetic or neurotic looking about him. He is an ordinary, healthy, grizzled, stoutish, middle-aged, tired-looking man. Not that I formed any clear image of him just then. I sensed him rather than saw him. I was too struck by the blaze of warmth of his personality to see him with my bodily eyes. It was as when one senses rather than sees a lightning flash. His magnetism is undeniable, and it is, I find, unforgettable. No doubt the knowledge that he is a stigmatic is powerfully affecting, for a stigmatic is one who is in constant communication with the world beyond this world. The thin, gold lines wherewith painters depict the rays from the Son of God alighting on the hands of a Saint Francis were in that poor, dim, dusty room in that forlorn monastery of the Gargano, and all those lean brown hands thrust out towards the priest, all those bodies crushing against his were trying to intercept a light pouring from the body of God.

In a few moments we could survey him more clearly. Freeing himself from those clutching hands, he entered the chapel and his confessional where he sat, as each penitent knelt in full view of everybody. The faithful stood about in a close, watchful, tight-packed circle, not more than ten feet away. (There is no privacy about Italian religion!) It seemed to me that

the vibrations of the man's person still obscured him, dazzled like a retreating storm, so that I was still unable to survey him objectively. He sat there for a long time, so long that I became exhausted merely from watching. What must the ordeal have been for him who must concentrate on every story whispered into his ear under those hundreds of watching eyes!

It was all, in its own way, as abnormal a scene as one I saw in Naples when the blood of Saint Januarius liquefied; but it was utterly different, for here again was the Christian Church going about its normal business, and the only abnormal element here was that it is very much "about something" when a man's love of God is so abnormal that his body begins to bleed. For, surely, every stigmatic represents an adventure in human love whose departure is here and whose destination is elsewhere? The rays ascend in love. The passion we witness is the passion of a man for the passion of a God. It is a token of this that stigmatics always bear the marks in the center of their palms,

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whereas in crucifixions the nails would have been driven not through the palms, which could not support the weight of the body, but through the bones of the wrists. The stigmatic records his own intense imagination of the tragedy. And this imagination is of a terrible intensity. A stigmatic's wounds pain constantly. Padre Pio has been asked if his wounds hurt him, and he has replied: "You don't think they were given to me as a decoration?" The reader need not doubt that Padre Pio does bear the five wounds. His hands are normally in mittens, with pads of linen to staunch the constant flow of blood, but during the Mass, at the moment of Consecration, his hands have been photographed. The case has been fully examined medically.

I was more fortunate than many of those long-journeyed pilgrims. There resides in San Giovanni a Tyrolese Italian, educated at Ampleforth, Count John Telfener, whose regard for Padre Pio has led him and his wife to reside in this mountain hamlet. He was so kind as to lead me into the inner cloisters in order to waylay the exhausted priest on his return to his cell. While we waited we talked to an American Capuchin who acts as a sort of Public Relations Officer, dealing with the scores of letters and appeals that pour in here daily from all over the world. We were, I thought, an odd group: a Tyrolese, an American, an Irishman, clustered in a Capuchin cell on a bare mountain beside the Adriatic. Two men also waited in the corridor, bearing simple, crude-looking gifts from pilgrims: a holy-water font, a crucifix. Presently he came along the corridor. He was now pale and weary, but when I spoke to him he became jovial, almost hearty, laughed with pleasure when he heard that I was Irish and laid his two hands warmly and affectionately on my head in benediction. I was not the first Irishman he had met. During the war many had passed this way on the road to Ireland, or to Eternity.

IT is a pity that out of this man's life a myth has begun to grow. Here is a truly saintly man. Thousands have spoken to him, found him, as I did, kindly and jovial, amiable and kind, and because his humanity is so evident his saintliness is all the more impressive. For even if we do not say that this man is a saint, nobody would find it difficult to believe that a saint could be such a man. What is always difficult to believe about the legendary saints is that they ever were men! And where is the pleasure of comfort of contemplating the saintliness of unlikely men? What would comfort us, and give us pleasure, would be the saintliness of a businessman, or a tap dancer, or a boxer, just as it comforts and delights us to discover heroism in a fishmonger or a journalist. It is, in fact, most likely that the actual saints were, likewise, ordinary men and women like ourselves, until the myth-makers began to spread their fantasies about them, as they have already begun to do with this modest, amiable, magnetic Italian.

CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA IX

Catholics and Science

JULIAN PLEASANTS

KIND words about natural science come from eminent churchmen at regular intervals. Kind words about religion come from eminent scientists with somewhat less regularity, but the deficiency is made up by repeated quotation. This mutual commendation, unhappily, is of little use in answering the question: What is the *actual* relationship between American Catholics and natural science, between modern science as it operates, and American Catholics as they operate? Is it a happy marriage, a divorce, or a simple case of non-support? To tell the truth, when Catholics themselves began to get perturbed about it, fifteen or twenty years ago, it looked like no more than a mild and tentative flirtation. How are they getting along together now?

American Catholicism, as it now operates in the area native to research, maintains about fourteen per cent of the institutions of higher learning in this country, attended by about ten per cent of American college students. This educational system is still in the process of establishing itself. It is heavily unendowed, and survives by the constant sacrifices of both religious and laity. Above the college level, it produces a really outstanding number of lawyers, and a quite respectable number of physicians and businessmen. In producing eminent writers or artists or social theorists, the system is rather less than successful. The production of outstanding natural scientists is some-

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thing else again than the number of science professors on the faculty or the number of science graduates. Various ways of estimating Catholic effort in scientific research have been used, none entirely satisfactory, but it is remarkable how the various estimates agree.

Catholic schools *are* doing research in natural sciences. That is a point that needs to be made at the outset. The larger Catholic universities, such as Notre Dame, Catholic University, Marquette and Saint Louis, are spending in the neighborhood of a half-million dollars a year apiece on research in the natural sciences, and the extent of their investment is increasing rapidly. This investment is more than many state universities reported to the New York *Times* last year, more than that of many old established colleges, like Amherst or Colgate, not a great deal less than Duke's $850,000 or Stanford's $1,000,000. Needless to say, it falls below Princeton's $2,200,000, or Minnesota's $5,250,000 or Illinois' $7,214,000, or Cornell's $14,-850,000. Besides what the larger universities do, some of the smaller Catholic colleges, particularly girls' schools, are making modest but well-planned forays into research, and are qualifying for grants.

In between, however, is set a great void, so that in the aggregate, a decided difference emerges between Catholic and non-Catholic effort in research. The data of A. B. Corrigan in the April 11, 1953 issue of *America* indicated that in 1950 the Catholic colleges, with twelve per cent of the college enrollment, spent one per cent of the money spent by colleges on research. Eight dollars was spent on research per Catholic student contrasted with approximately a hundred spent per student in non-Catholic schools. In 1953, with the total research investment of colleges and universities at the $350,000,000 level, Catholic schools' investment might be estimated at about $4,000,000.

This one per cent figure also crops up frequently in the reports of agencies which sponsor research. (The bulk of the funds spent on research, even by the colleges, comes from the federal government, industry, and foundations.) The National Science Foundation, set up by Congress to help finance basic research, especially in schools less favored by other government agencies, gives about one per cent of its money to Catholic institutions. It would like to give them a more proportionate share, since this is public money and perhaps twenty per cent of it comes from Catholics, directly or indirectly, but the applications do not come in. The same is true of other public funds, such as those of the American Cancer Society, which gave one per cent of its funds to Catholic schools in 1951 and one-fourth of one per cent during the five years preceding. Some other funds, like the Damon Runyon Fund, are able to place more grants (four per cent of their total) in Catholic schools, but their fellowship funds go begging for applicants from Catholic schools. (I mention these agencies with a medical slant particularly because American Catholics have made notable contributions to medical care in this country in the way of doctors and hospitals, and it might be expected that they would carry this impulse through into the field of research.)

This rate of participation is nevertheless quite a bit higher than the participation in industrially sponsored grants in 1946, when the National Research Council published a listing. Catholic schools reported grants which amounted to one-fifth of one per cent of the total, or one dollar in every five hundred.

OTHER standards of comparison give similar results. In 1951, Professors Knapp and Goodrich published a study purporting to show that the small

liberal arts colleges were the mothers of eminent scientists, even if the prospective scientists had to go elsewhere for the advanced studies. The survey incidentally showed that Catholic schools at any level were turning out one-sixth as many eminent scientists, proportionately, as the non-Catholic schools. But twenty years earlier, when Lehmann and Witty published a similar survey with somewhat higher qualifications, the proportion was even less. Out of 1,189 scientists voted eminent by colleagues in their own field, there were at that time only three who listed themselves as Catholic in their biographical sketches. This is one in four hundred, as compared with one in six in 1951.

In 1938, Professors Reyniers and Bauer made a comprehensive survey of Catholics' scientific productivity in terms of published articles. The survey was broadened to include publication in other academic fields. Less than one-fifth of the Catholic scientific

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writers had published anything original, and comparison with non-Catholic contributions indicated that Catholics had about one-fourth as many faculty members capable of original production as the Catholic population of the country would lead us to expect. The scientific productivity was even less than the general productivity, but the eye-opening discovery was the revelation that Catholics had no special prejudice against scientific research, and yet seemed little interested in original research in any field. Scientific research, being the most expensive, apparently suffered most from a general lack of interest.

Figures being compiled now by Professor Reyniers indicate so far that during the fifteen years from 1938 to 1953, while total college research investment increased fifteen-fold, Catholic investment increased even faster. No one has yet integrated all the available data into a clear picture, but from collaboration with Reyniers and Bauer on analyzing some of their data, I come away with two strong, though not necessarily exact, impressions. Twenty years ago, Catholic effort in scientific research was perhaps one-thirtieth of that done by an equal number of non-Catholics. Right now, Catholic effort is probably one-tenth of what would be expected from a comparable group of non-Catholics, despite the fact that a few Catholic centers are developing their resources very rapidly.

Here we have an approximate and strictly comparative idea of what the American Catholic effort in science was and is. What ought it to be? The amount of scientific research done by non-Catholic schools at the moment does not necessarily represent the norm. Many educators who cannot be accused of prejudice against science are still worried at the effect upon general education of the present emphasis on research in the natural sciences. The money spent by colleges on such research has increased fifteen-fold in fifteen years, to the point where in some colleges it makes up from twenty-five to sixty-nine per cent of the total budget. On top of that, most of the money spent comes from the federal government, a new and potentially dangerous situation for institutions jealous of their freedom.

But the difference in scientific accomplishment between Catholics and non-Catholics is still striking, and the simple explanations simply do not explain. The plea of Catholic poverty induced by support of a separate school system has its element of truth, yet there are other expensive educational activities that Catholic schools manage to maintain in good condition, such as law schools and athletic teams. Ours is not an abject but a discriminating poverty; it lays bare our scale of values by indicating what we feel we can do without. Catholic administrators who are now making genuine sacrifices to increase scientific research in their colleges do so, in my opinion, with real courage, because they are not being backed up by the Catholic body as a whole. Even if our colleges could not afford much research, they could still, like the small liberal arts colleges of Knapp and Goodrich's survey, start many students on the road to scientific eminence. They are not doing so.

ANOTHER common explanation for a lower rate of Catholic research is that the Catholic is not free to do research. In this view, the hierarchy is afraid of new scientific truths which might endanger the docile acceptance of Catholic doctrine. They therefore close off whole areas of research—closing doors that the uninhibited scientist finds open and inviting.

No Catholic with a memory three centuries long could feel hurt at such a suggestion or deny the validity it once had. But this explanation takes no account of the changes wrought by three centuries. The grounds for conflict between scientific discovery and religious teaching have been almost completely washed away by the tide of advancing science. First to go down was the absolutism which gave ecclesiastical policy the practical force of dogma. As soon as theologians were forced to admit that the literal interpretation of Bible history was a matter of policy and not a matter of creed, the way was opened for a refinement of scientific thinking which has given us a worthier and less anthropomorphic idea of the Creator.

But the major casualty in the advance of science was science itself, at least as the nineteenth century had understood it: a body of proved conclusions about inexorable laws. The relativity theory and quantum mechanics shattered the naive assumption that a theory was proved if you could use it to predict something new, for they predicted all that the old theories did plus things the old theories would have predicted wrong. The modern scientist is left only with data of which he is sure, and working hypotheses of which he is never sure. He values his hypotheses according to the way they predict future occurrences and open up new fields of study, but he does not claim that they are proved or certain. His theories are a matter of working policy, rather than a scientific creed, as the physicist J. J. Thomson wrote as early as 1907.

It must be admitted that the more vociferous of the scientists have done their best to keep the public from realizing the tentative character of their theories, but the truth will out. In the meantime, the old battleground between science and religion, the field of prehistory, has become a courtroom in which natural science presents its evidence, which is circumstantial, inferential and incomplete, while religion presents its own evidence, which is eye-witness testimony from an unimpeachable witness, but unfortunately also incomplete and not very clear, since it was given for a different purpose. It is up to the historian to render

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a verdict as best he is able to do.

The next casualty in the advance of science may well be the doctrine of salvation-by-science-alone, along with its counterpart, salvation-by-religious-formulae-alone. God knows how much more disillusionment we shall have to go through before the conflict resolves itself—disillusionment with the religious man who knows in a general way what to do but not how to do it, and with the scientist who knows how to do it but not what to do. Against repeated assertions from one camp that mankind will be saved from itself by a return to religion and assertions from the other camp that it will be saved by the universal application of scientific method, the common sense of mankind may yet assert itself to declare that neither one alone, nor both together, give us a complete explanation of the universe or a complete guide to action. Religious principles are too ultimate to settle each individual case for us, and science is not ultimate enough to really settle anything.

THIS brings us, in my opinion, to the basic reason for the striking difference between American Catholics and American non-Catholics in scientific creativity. When Lehmann and Witty found so few Catholics in the ranks of eminent scientists, they remarked: "The conspicuous dearth of scientists among the Catholics suggests that the tenets of that Church are not consonant with scientific endeavor." This is, of course, an understandable but not at all scientific conclusion from the data, because it runs the risk of a sampling error like that made by the four-year-old Protestant girl who went swimming in the brook with a little Catholic boy, though neither had brought along a bathing suit. "My," she remarked, "Catholics are lots different from Protestants."

The modern American Catholic's philosophy of life is not necessarily the product of Catholic doctrine, even when it is peculiar to Catholics as a group. It could mean that we have succumbed to a peculiarly "Catholic" temptation. The modern American Catholic apparently places a very low value on creative activity. Scientific research is just one of these activities. Literature and art are others. Even in the field of creative social reform, where Christian motivation might be expected to be singularly effective, it is hard to escape the impression that American Catholics were moved into their present positions not by any inner sense of responsibility for inventing new social reforms, but by ulterior motives such as the fear of losing the working classes, or the fear of Communism.

The philosophy of life which is prevalent though by no means universal among American Catholics is, in my opinion, the key to the scarcity of Catholic creativity. Father Joseph Buckley, S.M., may have put his finger on it in 1940 when he contrasted "The Philosophy of Life of Catholics and the Catholic Philosophy of Life" in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*:

> Catholics have indeed been taught that the goal to which their life on earth should lead them is heaven and God. But through a gradual and rather indefinite process of reasoning and impression, they have come to feel and think that this goal is to be attained not so much by the positive substance of their lives —of their actions, thoughts and purposes— as in a negative and accidental fashion, by avoiding certain excesses and performing certain actions on the side, as it were, and in passing. Thus they will tell you that provided they avoid mortal sin in their everyday actions and fulfill certain required formalities, such as attending Mass on Sunday, receiving Holy Communion once a year, abstaining from flesh meat on Friday, they will get to heaven.

The prevailing Catholic philosophy is almost sheer formalism, obedience to certain arbitrary prescriptions for the sake of an arbitrary reward. In such a view, salvation is simply an application of definite formulae to a few definite occasions in life. Where the formulae do not apply, the matter is of no real significance. Nothing new need be added. Formalism does not forbid creative activity—it just takes the heart out of it.

Formalism provides no status for the virtues of science, art, and prudence, since they are meaningless to someone who already has all the answers. The idea of Christian life as charity working with the tools of science, art and prudence to redeem the world becomes equally meaningless. Formalism is the peculiar temptation to which the American Catholic has for the moment succumbed. Lance Wright, in "The Apostolic Role of the University Graduate," quoted already in the pages of The Commonweal, has stated the matter quite succinctly:

> Because the Truths of our religion are handed down to us by tradition, therefore this mode of receiving knowledge is become instinctive in us, and other modes instinctively suspect. . . . This dependence of ours on Tradition for truths of the supernatural order tends to breed in us a form of intellectual sloth which is peculiar to ourselves. Because the Truths which really matter were given once and for all, therefore (we argue) they are in themselves immutable and no subsequent knowledge can touch them in any way: therefore a gulf is fixed between Religious Truth (with a big 'T') and secular

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> truth (with a little 't'): therefore the Catholic is absolved from any real intellectual curiosity concerning the things of this world.
>
> . . .
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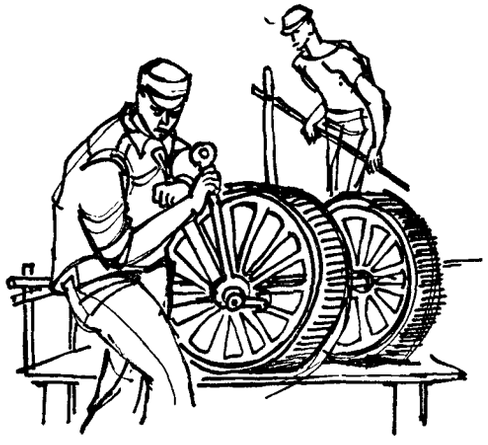
> This awareness of what is going on in secular knowledge which is so necessary to keep Theology herself alive, is necessary equally if the Truths of Revelation are to be accurately applied to the conduct of everyday life. This seems so obvious. Yet the force of it does not seem to strike the majority of Catholics. What I would myself describe as a strong "clerical" bias seems to make us regard secular knowledge as something lying outside the scheme of Redemption: a sort of hobby for the human race, and nothing to do with the real business of existence.

Traditionalism alone, however, cannot account for the Catholic's intellectual sloth. The Catholic is not



ipso facto opposed to change. In everyday life he does not stand out conspicuously by his devotion to the customs of the past. He is likely to follow, often uncritically and even slavishly, the prevailing fashions in dress, education, or recreation, though always a little late because he wants to make sure that that is the way things are going. He is willing to use the latest antibiotic, and is glad somebody took the trouble to find it. Yet he does almost nothing to help find a new antibiotic. It is not worth *his* trouble. Despite clannishness in some respects, American Catholics have not tried to swim ashore from the world which science is propelling so rapidly through a series of revolutionary changes. We even seem to be enjoying the ride. But we do not pull an oar. That is the crux of the matter.

In my opinion, the basic difference between this modern world which values research so much, and the Catholic segment which values it so little, is that the Catholic part had given up the virtue of prudence, and the modern world, through the advance of science, rediscovered it. The temptation to give up prudence for formalism is an ever-present temptation for Catholics, since we have it on the highest authority that "the children of this world are more prudent in their generation than the children of light," especially in regard to the things of this world.

The scientific method could not have come upon the world as a new dawn if the sun of prudence had not already set. The modern scientific method is nothing more than the first five steps in prudent judgment. In fact, Saint Thomas Aquinas' exposition of these steps reads like some Science Department's outline for the writing of a thesis: history of the question, present understanding of the question, assembling of the data by search of the literature and by experimental discovery of new data, speculation about the relationships involved (Saint Thomas calls it *eustochia* —happy conjecturing—a most felicitous term), and reasoning from the known to the unknown.

This very prudence, which seems today the property and even the discovery of the scientist, is by right the central governing virtue of Christian life. To it belongs, by right, the spirit of critical investigation, of discovery, invention and experimentation, whether our aim at the time is to know something, to make something, or to do something.

The modern world may have gone hog-wild in making purely natural science, even purely physical science, the basis of its prudence. The scientist and his followers who dash into action armed with the latest laboratory report ("scientific tests show") are no more basically imprudent than the members of certain Catholic Action groups who dash into action armed with a survey of the existing situation and a copy of the New Testament. I am not going to argue about that. But that does not alter the fact that the chief aspects of modern science, the spirit of critical inquiry, the spirit of discovery, and the creative spirit from which the grand speculative theories of modern science have been born, are the features most glaringly lacking in modern Catholic life.

THE normal proportion of scientific research that we decide upon will reflect very largely our philosophy of life and of education. There are at least two possible Catholic approaches to scientific research, stemming from two different philosophies.

On the one hand, a Catholic may believe that Divine Revelation has provided him with all that he ever needs to know, either to love God worthily or to serve Him well. When he comes to matters about which Revelation has nothing clear to say, then the matter is of no real significance and we can act as we please, or according to the prevailing fashion. Education then consists in handing down the Revelation intact, plus

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whatever knowledge the student would like to have. Under such conditions, scientific research is at best a luxury which we can ill afford until we have taken care of the necessities, in this case, the necessity of giving a college-level presentation of Revealed Doctrine to as many Catholics as want to go to college for one reason or another.

Another standard for Catholic life and education is the revelation of God, not only Revelation with a capital 'R,' but revelation with a small 'r': the revelation of the Artist which we find in His art, the revelation of the Law-maker which we find in His laws, the revelation of the Planner's intentions which we find in the way He has made things. A Catholic college, to reach this standard, must be not only an institution of higher teaching, but an institution of higher learning, a community of people seeking truth, not only passing it from hand to hand. Besides the virtue of obedience, it must logically develop the virtues of science, art, and prudence. Besides the docile acceptance of Divine Revelation, it must develop the requisite attitude toward all that body of human knowledge which is in a state of development. The attitude demanded is neither cynical reserve nor uncritical acceptance, but a spirit of critical inquiry, experimentation, and discovery.

It is easy enough to see how scientific research would fare under one or the other regime. What is not so easy is to see which is the truer picture of the Christian's vocation in the world. I will not presume to argue the theology of the situation, but this much is certain as a matter of observation: science has had, for better and for worse, a tremendous influence upon both religious thought and religious life.

Scientific theories have changed profoundly our notion of the creating of the world, and thereby our notion of and even attitude toward the Creator. Catholic exegesis has found in them a means of refining our literal and anthropomorphic concepts of the Creator. Anti-religious forces have exploited them as all-sufficing explanations of a universe that had no Creator. Scientific theories and achievements have enormously widened the scope of human power, freedom, and responsibility, in the control of nature. In the face of disease and malnutrition the medieval Christian practiced the virtue of resignation; the scientist practices the virtue of research (prudence). Much of what we once blamed on God we now blame on ourselves. In fact, we can get so carried away by the successes of human providence as to feel that Divine Providence is only an outmoded hypothesis. Yet the growth in efficiency of human providence has made possible a most Christian determination to wipe out the hunger and disease all over the world which have stood as a living indictment of Christian apathy. While theoretical science has been broadening man's freedom and responsibility, applied science has been building a social structure which seems to take it away again. The mass-civilization in which we live has had a profound effect upon religious life and practice, largely by weakening the family as an instrument of education and replacing its influence with mass media of communication.

The list is too long and the weighing too delicate for anyone to render an accounting of the good and evil that have come from scientific research. In the face of what evolutionism and scientism have so obviously done to the religious attitude of so many men, it may take strong faith on the part of Catholic college administrators to believe that the discovery of new truth and the elaboration of new theories is more likely than not to help us know God better and serve Him more prudently. We have to be convinced on a priori grounds that God has made things well, that the more we understand of what He has made, the better we can know Him, and that the more we understand the natures of things, the better we can use them for the purposes for which He made them. Yet nothing in science itself forces us to direct either our thoughts or our actions to God. We have to be ready to run the risk of misdirected science if we are to have science at all.

Catholicism and Science were meant for each other. In the Church we find the feminine element of life in its perfection. Well is she called "Mother" Church, she who hands down Christian tradition from generation to generation and trains the little ones. Yet the Church as a human institution suffers the temptations of its state, les *défauts de ses qualités*: the temptation to timidity, the temptation to rank custom above life and obedience above prudence. Modern science is a masculine element, inquisitive, daring, critical, willing to try the new, yet careless of holding fast to what is good in the old, lacking often in reverence for human nature and even for things themselves, feeling strangely dissatisfied in the very midsts of its triumphs. Each needs the other. Both are suffering from this over-long courtship. The world itself needs their fruitful union. Pope Pius XII, judging by his encouragement to scientific research, stands ready to bless that union. Will it come?

AN APPEAL

Rev. P. Caironi, S.J., Cherukunnu P.O., North Malabar, India, recently spent three days and nights rescuing people from local flood waters. Whole villages were submerged, and famine conditions among his untouchables are even more acute. No new rice crop will be available before October. A ton of tapioca, which feeds thousands, costs him but $25. Checks and money orders may be sent to Father Caironi direct (airmail postage: 25c).

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The Commonweal and McCarthyism

The Commonweal has received the following communication from Mr. Philip Burnham, who served this magazine as an active editor from 1934 to 1949. For the past four years Mr. Burnham has been a contributing editor.

ANTI-McCARTHYISM has grown into a big thing. It's like an avalanche, started by a child's snowball, which soon can cover a town, steeple to cellar. Anti-McCarthyism appears definitely too big for the Wisconsin Senator. What he himself says or does seems less and less important in the bumptious battling around his name. The important thing is that his fellow-citizens are shifting and turning and redirecting their political forces and interests, and frictional heat charges the atmosphere.

Americans seem restless in their old positions, and are in process of regrouping in respect to politics, economics, social temper, and philosophic inclination. Eisenhower plays golf, and Stevenson has taken a trip around the world. Americans are regrouping after the tornadoes of the past two decades, and before the high winds from the outer world. Joseph McCarthy is obviously incidental to this process.

Most likely, our regrouping in the United States will not be carried to a finished, logical, doctrinaire completion. The country still looks too wide in expanse, too numerous in population, too various in intimate, personal beliefs and concerns—and still too safely protected by location and resources and by social and economic power—to expect its people to divide into new sharp and hard political and intellectual parties. They will continue to display, it is hoped, more easy friendship between just about everybody than angry dispute.

Nevertheless, a time of special and unusual troubles can be expected while the trend to regrouping runs along, even though the immediate trend may eventually run out. Only a rash gambler would bet that after another decade or two our politics will still be based upon Democrats and Republicans, or that Democrat and Republican will then still have the pleasantly unprecise, the attractively superficial, and the reassuringly overlapping meanings which they have had in the past.

The enemies of American strength and peace will do all they can to make this as hard a period as they can.

The Commonweal has associated itself with anti-McCarthyism, and has taken almost as strong a part as it can in fostering anti-McCarthyism.

Several thousand miles distant from your center in New York City, it has been difficult to see all the ins and outs of the campaign, or to follow satisfactorily the analysis and reasoning. Although the word "McCarthy" has sometimes seemed to be repeated in papers and periodicals of opinion with fatiguing frequency, none the less, there seem to me to be two important—overwhelmingly important—lines in the McCarthy picture which The Commonweal has not traced out as far or as clearly as the magazine should.

First, the McCarthy business has not been seriously and firmly and consistently related to the principal questions of the day. Senator McCarthy's personal probing and voting record became long ago, of course, almost beside the point at issue in the McCarthy wars. The Second World War could just as well be called "The War Over Danzig," as Hitler tried to name it.

The world is not going to rise or fall on the question of whether or not James Wechsler has stopped beating his wife. The royalties Dashiell Hammett takes in from those especially tough stories are not going to close or open the Nation's road to escape. It is even improbable that the Republic will flourish or flounder according to its reverential awe for Mr. Sulzberger's "good, grey" *Times*. We don't create the principal political problems we have to deal with in the present. Other people, our own past actions, our ancestors, Nature, and, in some way, Providence, force upon us the main choices.

There is no assurance that we can recognize the most important problems when we look for them. But they certainly won't be found without looking. And it would take an unreasonably super-bright reader to find them in the yardage devoted by The Commonweal and its fellow anti-McCarthy publications to that peculiar topic of their predilection.

Judging objectively, from the national budget and from countless other rich symbols, the top political question for the United States at present is: To what degree and by what means are we to oppose the USSR and Communism?

Just under, and very closely related, the problem persists: How much of life ought the Federal Government embrace? How much and in what ways should

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the central government control, and operate, and own the land and resources, the productive tools and plant, and the service activities of society—scientific and technical, information and educational, welfare, cultural and religious?

A third basic question, integral to these must surely be: How, and by whom should the Federal Government be conducted?

What kind of answers do the pros and cons of McCarthy propose for these questions, and the issues that rise on their foundation? Those most engaged in blowing up the McCarthy complex are diverted from formulating more clearly and honestly and usefully such problems as these, which at least aim at developing a creative politics.

It appears incorrect to take a fearless, shouting "stand" on McCarthyism without demonstrating what one believes to be the tie-up between the rhetoric of the McCarthy controversy and the rude grammar of the practical political questions confronting the country.

IT seems essential to know as well as one can how McCarthyism, or angry anti-McCarthyism, influences the answers given to the hardest questions before the country. Secondly, it would seem fundamentally important to know who are the antis and who are the pros.

In The Commonweal issue of July 3, there is an editorial attacking Whittaker Chambers. It is a devious editorial in several respects, beginning in the introductory paragraph with its "use" of Rebecca West . . . in the opposite direction she was writing when providing the quotation.

But this editorial does bring up the unusual subject essential to judgment of the McCarthy combat. It is the second line of inquiry and exposition which it seems to me should be thoroughly accomplished before unloosing the fighting passions and crowding out reason and friendly regard from public discussion. The editorial treats the identity of "McCarthyites."

> Now this is a remarkable omission. ["This" refers to Whittaker Chamber's failure to discuss McCarthy in a *Life* article.] The singular thing about the current of right wing opinion in the country today is that it has managed to pour itself into a mold marked "McCarthyism." As the Alsops have pointed out, Joseph McCarthy has done something no other American demagogue has ever done. He has united the whole fascinating bank of right-wing groups, from certain conservative business men and many sincere if not particularly well-informed Catholics, to the most malice-laden of the xenophobic hate sheets which burden the postal inspectors. Riding at the head of this army, like Genghis Khan with a television camera, the Senator has led an assualt which has materially altered the temper of American life.

It appears excellent for The Commonweal to take up the crucial question of who stands on which side of Joe McCarthy. But the hordes should be named and numbered more closely, or we will never follow the play.

"Right-wing opinion in this country" has *not* "managed to pour itself into a mold marked 'McCarthyism.' " Perhaps the Alsops and the writer of this editorial have been able by some magical method to define right-wing opinion and mark it with their own hot brand of "McC." That would be a technique of politics and propaganda we are familiar with. But very few right-wing or centrist or left-wing people have themselves identified themselves with McCarthy. McCarthyites (or the anti-anti-McCarthyites) have rather evidenced reluctance at grouping and forming up and counting off. Where is Eisenhower? Where was Senator Taft? Where the Southern Democrats? Where the Directors of General Motors and of the Chase National Bank? . . . to keep only to the presumed "Right."

Perhaps it does not seem true from your metropolitan office, but the *anti*-McCarthyites appear far more visible over this distant horizon.

The anti-McCarthyites have a hard core in the individuals whom the Senator and the Committees with which he has been associated (and also, The Commonweal seems to insist, the other Senate and House Committees) have investigated. The unfriendly witnesses for the United States Legislature are anti-McCarthyite.

Fellow-workers of these witnesses and investigated folk, who refuse to turn their backs on them, but go along with and support them, are avowedly and usually vociferously anti-McCarthy.

Those two groups involve various organizations from which they have come, whose supporting staffs and members join in the anti-McCarthy furor. Of course, some of the organizations whose members are grilled against their will are internally divided. The colleges, for example, have teachers and administrators, as well as students, who are "pro" as well as "con." There are certainly ministers who are not anti-McCarthyite.

It appears quite sure that the outfits on "the Attorney General's List" promote themselves to the front rank of anti-McCarthyites.

Those groups make up a fairly definite central body of the anti-McCarthy partisans. Then, many political workers in the Democratic party, including Truman and Stevenson, are anti-McCarthy—Stevenson less confidently in the last campaign than Truman. Doubtless there are two reasons for this. Democrats may find a party gain of the traditional jockeying kind in it; and they may be expressing some kind of ideological preference more interesting than simple partisanship, and

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more important for the future. The National Convention last fall showed how divided and uncertain the ideas and will of the Democratic party are, and what a span the party covers—from Michigan, say, to South Carolina.

Labor unions appear anti-McCarthy in ways fairly parallel to those of the Democratic party. Once again, one must wonder about the representative power of various voices of labor, and one must recognize wide differences of political view and general ideology among union members. It is a sound contention that the Democratic party and the labor unions are in an accelerated state of political and intellectual regrouping.

A considerable number of publications and writers, particularly in the New York-Washington region, have put themselves, with The Commonweal, sharply on record as anti-McCarthyite. Their names and records can be examined.

Most interesting speculatively of all the anti-McCarthyite legions are the great numbers of the well-placed, and highly educated, and well-mannered. They seem to be printing on our public life more clearly the pattern dramatized during the Hiss-Chambers division. Their motivation is not yet altogether clear or uniform. They give the side they join some of the attractiveness they frequently abundantly possess.

What is the bond of unity among all these anti-McCarthyites? Can it be McCarthy, the man they denigrate and whose stature and quality they take the lead in reducing to sub-human dimensions?

What connection is there between the forces and ideas, and hopes and resignations of these anti-McCarthyites and the larger political, moral and philosophic questions concerned with Russia and Communism and with governing and endowing the national state? What, when you work down to it, is the object of life which these so miscellaneous but presently united groups affirm?

No sufficient evidence of overwhelming persuasiveness permits a certain description and a certain answer to these questions. This fact seems to me to make foolish a "long and consistent . . . record of opposition to McCarthy and McCarthyism," such as The Commonweal boasts.

ON the basis of what can be known now—and of inferences, suppositions, feeling and smells—the party of the anti-McCarthyites is one I will not join. It appears to me that its hard core are the Communists, here and throughout the world, and the Fifth Amendment boys, and the witnesses unfriendly to Committees of the constitutional Government, and those who support the disingenuous organizations on the Attorney General's List, and the Appeasers . . . always of the other side.

The alliance of unrooted liberalism, however decorated by present, personal virtues, with the tyrannous dogmatism of an atheistic Left is no mere "witch," but a specter of palpable shape now at large destroying neighbors and nations, and doing us no good at all.

As the regrouping of American politics—and with that, of underlying idea and spirit—develops, I fear greatly what could come to pass if the present impetuous anti-McCarthyism hops and skips and jumps much further along. Too probably, it appears from the beginnings, the ideas and ideals of those anti-McCarthy persons like The Commonweal editorial writer, and so many of the best of the liberal gentlemen, will recede from view in the emerging Party. These sympathetic but unconvincing people will be lost under things faithless and hopeless which have been condemned already again and again by historical experience, and by the extra-historical wisdom of Christianity.

One can try to form one's politics on the basis of important issues. And one must try to organize one's political alliances on the basis of the discoverable character and beliefs and hopes of people engaged in politics. I believe that only some forces in the new Popular Front of the anti-McCarthyites have been doing this. The more clearly those forces present themselves, the more clearly antagonistic they seem to be to the two cities The Commonweal wants to help build: a tolerable city for civilized men, and the City of God.

As Americans regroup in politics and ideas, a better spot can surely be found than in a side show, throwing metaphors at the bouncey target from Wisconsin. Where is the crowd going to line up for the main show?

PHILIP BURNHAM.

Phoenix, Arizona

A Reply

THE long and distinguished service which Mr. Burnham has given The Commonweal, as editor and friend, would oblige us to treat any communication from him with the utmost seriousness and respect. When he raises questions fundamental to one of our major editorial policies our obligation in this regard would seem to be doubled.

Such is the present case. Since 1950 The Commonweal has, as Mr. Burnham says, "associated itself with anti-McCarthyism and taken almost as strong a part as it can in fostering anti-McCarthyism." And this record is indeed something about which we, the present active editors of the magazine, have not felt apologetic. Mr. Burnham's challenge to this record is distinguished by its objectivity and its charity. It demands some answer from us—some basic examination of our position. We therefore write in the same spirit of friendly regard which motivated Mr. Burnham's letter. Like him, we

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are concerned for the good of this magazine within the context of that larger good which is the magazine's name. It is within our understanding of this context that we have taken our position on Senator McCarthy, and it is within this context, again as we understand it, that we offer Mr. Burnham our reply.

Mr. Burnham observes that "we don't create the principal political problems we have to deal with in the present." This seems to us pertinent to our reply, for we did not "create" Senator McCarthy, although we have felt an obligation to deal with his influence at a constantly increasing length during the past three years. And another of Mr. Burnham's observations seems pertinent too: "It appears incorrect to take a fearless, shouting 'stand' on McCarthy without demonstrating what one believes to be the tie-up between the rhetoric of the McCarthy controversy and the rude grammar of the practical political questions facing the country."

We had thought that, sometimes explicitly and always implicity, we *had* demonstrated what we believed to be the "tie-up" between the McCarthy controversy and the great questions of our day. The reason why Mr. Burnham does not believe we have may be explained by the fact that he sees anti-McCarthyism as "a child's snowball" which has become "an avalanche" burying the really important issues as it spreads. This metaphor indicates that Mr. Burnham's basic premise is radically different from ours. For we, to change the metaphor, see McCarthyism as a virus which has become a plague, threatening to poison the entire national life.

These two premises can probably not be reconciled. History alone can judge which is the more just. In the meantime those who sincerely hold either have some obligation to act upon it and, if challenged, to justify it. Since we have held the latter premise we have acted upon it. Now, challenged, we have the obligation of justifying it.

THERE are two "overwhelmingly important" lines in the McCarthy picture, according to Mr. Burnham, which The Commonweal has not traced out as far or as clearly as it should. The first is that "the McCarthy business has not been seriously and firmly and consistently related to the principal questions of the day." The second is that we have not indicated clearly enough who are the "pros" and who the "cons" in the controversy.

We agree that these questions are important. We also agree with much of what Mr. Burnham says about them, especially about the first. We certainly agree, for example, that *the* question of our day is: "To what degree and by what means are we to oppose the USSR and Communism?" We agree also that the related questions of Federal power and its exercise are important. It is on this very basis that much of our anti-McCarthy stand has been taken, and it is to these questions we would relate it.

We do not believe that Senator McCarthy is an isolated phenomenon in American life. We believe rather that his activities, methods, and influence touch American life at its most vital points—the very points Mr. Burnham has enumerated. And this for the fundamental reason that these points—the questions of our opposition to the USSR, the power of the Federal government and the exercise of that power—do not exist in a vacuum. They involve a philosophy of the rights and dignity of the human person, of ends and means, which we see threatened by that overriding disease of our age which is totalitarianism. The proper name of this disease has been German Nazism and Russian Communism. But it is a virulent sickness. It can infect those who profess to fight it.

It is as the native manifestation of this disease—the threat of an internal totalitarianism in reaction against an external one—that we have understood "McCarthyism." And since we have seen McCarthyism as self-defeating, a threat to our victory in the cold war, to the orderly processes of the federal government, and to that regard for individual freedom and dignity which give America its meaning, we have fought it. It is because we are anti-Communist that we are anti-McCarthy. We have believed, and we believe now, that, properly understood, the two must go together. Some examples which Mr. Burnham provides indicate why we think they must.

"The world is not going to rise or fall," Mr. Burnham says, "on the question of whether or not James Wechsler has stopped beating his wife. The royalties Dashiell Hammett takes in from those especially tough stories are not going to close or open the nation's road to escape. It is even improbable that the Republic will flourish or flounder according to its reverential awe for Mr. Sulzberger's 'good, grey' *Times*."

Obviously, all this is so. But since Mr. Burnham cites these specific examples, we suppose that he has in mind our own editorial stands in which we deplored Senator McCarthy's interrogation of Mr. Wechsler, the removal of Mr. Hammett's "tough stories" from U.S. Information Centers abroad, and the attacks made on Mr. Sulzberger, especially by some Catholics, because of his anti-McCarthyism.

And so, though we agree that the Republic and the world will not rise or fall for the reasons Mr. Burnham has mentioned, we believe that they may indeed rise or fall, flourish or flounder, for the reasons we cited in our editorials. When we reach the state where a United States Senator can use the powers of the Federal Government to persecute an editor because this editor has criticized him and, in the doing, equate such criticism with pro-Communism; when the nation becomes so fearful of freedom that the "tough stories"

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of an author are removed from library shelves because this author has invoked the protection of a Constitutional guarantee; when a respected publisher is widely maligned and libeled (and this in the language of Christian "piety") because he differs with a public figure—then there is cause for alarm.

The individual remains important. The single calumny, the particular stupidity, the isolated injustice remain important. To the extent that they no longer seem important, to that extent America has been defeated. For in each case the destiny of America, and the world, is in a real sense involved.

It is because of this, because we believe that the activities of the junior Senator from Wisconsin and the ism which bears his name have threatened the basic decencies, the objectivity and the order of our national life, that we have fought them. We have been "America-firsters" in this sense: we do not believe that we can defeat the totalitarian threat which comes from abroad unless we oppose that threat when it manifests itself at home. Opposition to both threats should go together.

Believing this, our answer to Mr. Burnham's second point should be obvious. It is, he says, important to know who are the "pros" and who are the "cons." We agree. In this connection he asks: "Where is Eisenhower? Where was Senator Taft? Where the Southern Democrats? Where the Directors of General Motors and the Chase National Bank? . . . to keep only to the presumed 'Right.'"

We ourselves have wondered about this, publicly, for a long time. Where are they indeed? We knew where such a conservative as the late Senator Charles Tobey was. We know where such others as Senator Margaret Chase Smith and Mr. Walter Lippmann are. We know where the editors of the New York *Times*, the New York *Herald Tribune*, and the *Christian Science Monitor* (all "conservative" newspapers) are. We join Mr. Burnham in asking where the others are.

WE do not believe that there is any justification for a "third force" between the McCarthy and the anti-McCarthy camps. Too much is involved, the record and the methods of the Senator are too clear, for this. It seems to us that men interested in the national welfare must stand up and be counted.

History will decide which side was right, and we are not afraid of the verdict. But even if it should be rendered against us, we would still prefer to have made a choice than to have stood aside from a question which involves much more than partisan issues—which involves no less than one's vision of what American society and America's role in the world should be.

The side we have chosen has some disreputable fel-

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low-travelers. (So did the anti-Hitler and the anti-Mussolini movements.) But we do not believe that they form the center or the "hard core" of anti-McCarthyism. That center, that "hard core," is composed rather of many of the most patriotic and responsible people in American life—Democrats and Republicans, liberals and conservatives; educators, journalists, public servants. Most of these, like the active editors of this magazine, are anti-McCarthy primarily *because* they are anti-Communist. Some of them may indeed be antagonistic, in an ultimate sense, to the two cities which The Commonweal wants to help build: a tolerable city for civilized men, and the City of God. There are undoubtedly dogmatic secularists, materialists and opportunists among them.

But The Commonweal is not associated with them in any ultimate task. It joins them, rather, in fighting an immediate threat to those minimal values of a decent and orderly America which we believe McCarthyism endangers. For unless this fight is won we see little chance of preserving whatever is decent in the city of man we have—much less of building a better city.

There are indications that the fight is being won. Senator McCarthy is in at least temporary eclipse. For this we are grateful, as we are grateful for whatever small contribution our fight against him may have made to his eclipse. In this fight much of what we believe in and hope for has been involved.

THE EDITORS.

THE SCREEN

NO MOANING AT NO BARS

THE prologue to "The Cruel Sea," the fine film which the English have made from Nicholas Monsarrat's novel, states that "this is the story of the Battle of the Atlantic. It is the story of an ocean, of two ships and a handful of men. The men are the heroes of it. The heroines are the ships. The villain is the cruel sea—the sea that man has made more cruel." That pretty well sums up the theme of this movie, which concentrates more on the men aboard *HMS Compass Rose* than on the cruel sea. This is no doubt as it should be.

In directing Eric Amber's script, Charles Frend succeeds in giving enough of the stories of the various officers to make them stand out as individuals, but he manages even more effectively to present the group as a whole. Of these officers, only the captain (Jack Hawkins) is a professional sailor; and part of the plot's fascination comes in seeing the young lieutenants (former journalists, bankers, lawyers) converted into seasoned seamen. Particularly interesting is the growth of young Lockhart (Donald Sinden) who becomes "Number One" after the bullying, Queeg-like first lieutenant is removed; he sees plenty of action as he becomes war-hardened: fighting, death, rescues, the torpedoing of the *Compass Rose*—and later, service on a destroyer under the same captain who has also changed a great deal. "It's a different kind of war now; now it's just killing the enemy."

Although the women's roles in "The Cruel Sea" are smaller than the men's, they add effectively to the whole: the attractive WREN (Virginia McKenna) with whom "Number One" falls in love, the unfaithful wife of another lieutenant, the sister of a petty officer. Because of its war scenes, this film will remind audiences of "In Which We Serve," but fortunately Monsarrat's characters and themes are less sentimental than Coward's. In "The Cruel Sea" you live with the men and the ships.

ANOTHER good film made in England (but by an American producer—Walt Disney) is "The Sword and the Rose." Vaguely based on *When Knighthood Was in Flower,* this is historical romance at its best: plenty of swashbuckling, sixteenth-century English sets and costumes displayed to advantage in Technicolor, and an exciting story that plays around with facts a bit but not so much so as to be completely incredible. Richard Todd portrays Henry's handsome Captain of the Guard with such gusto that we're willing to overlook any juggling that scriptwriter Lawrence E. Watkin has done with history. And Glynis Johns is attractively regal, though not pretty, as Mary Tudor, the willful, vivacious sister of Henry VIII.

Kenneth Annakin directs his cast as if he were handling real people, not actors in fancy costume. James Robertson Justice's portrait of Henry has a much more accurate ring than Charles Laughton's—although it must be admitted that the Henry of this picture's period (1515) was quite a different man than the later, many-wived bounder. "The Sword and the Rose" brings cinematic swashbuckling up to the adult entertainment level.

IF the new Disney Tru-Life Adventure short is on the program when you see "The Sword and the Rose," be sure to stay for it. "Prowlers of the Everglades" will take you on a trip into a Florida swamp that you would never, in your right mind, make by yourself. Its camera shots are beautiful, wonderful, awe-inspiring and terrifying as they reveal the hectic competition for food that goes on in this scary place. Its scenes of freshly hatched alligators trying to get to the water and eat without being eaten are as fascinating as any feature film could hope to be.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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The Recollections of a Bloomsbury Critic

MEMORIES. By Desmond MacCarthy. Forewords by Raymond Mortimer and Cyril Connolly. Oxford. $3.50.

By MARSHALL McLUHAN

THIS is an indispensable book for any reader who is interested in taking his bearings among the literary and artistic currents of the past fifty years. For the lotus-eaters it will come as a variegated treat. Desmond MacCarthy was an inveterate lotus-eater, his approach to his favorite writers being that of the affectionate pat, and his way with the rest the petulant snub.

For many years the literary mandarin of Bloomsbury, MacCarthy groomed many elegant young men for their literary debuts in the way that Dan Boelyn is presented by Wyndham Lewis in *The Apes of God*. MacCarthy, in his essay on Bloomsbury in this volume, describes his thrilling encounter with the young Clive Bell, who was then an undergraduate at Cambridge: "I fancied myself to be enjoying, vicariously at any rate, through him, the prospect of helping myself in a generous manner to the pleasures of life. . . . I delighted in him because I could see in imagination the enormous rich hunk he was about to cut from the cake of life."

This corresponds to his conception of the two kinds of genius, either that of the precocious child or that of a prolonged adolescence. "Tell me," said Henry James to MacCarthy, "who was the long quiet youth who sometimes smiled?" It was Rupert Brooke. "Later in the day the novelist was punted by the poet through the Backs, and I afterwards asked Rupert what Henry James had talked about. 'He gave me advice; he told me not to be afraid of being happy.' It was sound advice to give to any sensitive young man of Rupert Brooke's age."

MacCarthy abounds in these telling vignettes and anecdotes. As a youth of eighteen, he was dining in her rooms with the actress Edna May: She was very pretty indeed, but her beauty was of the plaintive kind, such as might grow upon one but hardly take one by storm. Let me note a change in manners—these were the days when Conan Doyle could add to the glamour of Sherlock Holmes by making him a drug addict. She presently reached out for a syringe and gave herself a shot of cocaine. "I'm afraid I didn't act with much ginger tonight," she said.

This "mellow" quality is suffused through the prose and opinions of MacCarthy, but he is full of information as well. Somebody would do a service in providing a full account of the intellectual and esthetic currents that converged on the Cambridge and Bloomsbury of MacCarthy's reign. The nearest thing to such a picture is provided in Harrod's life of John Maynard Keynes. But the stages by which the Puritanical "Clapham sect" was transformed into the Bloomsbury set is of more than passing interest. For it is the story of Henry Sidgwick, Leslie Stephen, the economist Marshall, G. E. Moore and their impact on A. N. Whitehead, Bertrand Russell, Keynes, and Wittgenstein.

The development of an intense astheticism as a means of establishing the relative values of morals, art, philosophy, and politics had an earlier start at Oxford with F. H. Bradley and Walter Pater whence it filtered into the *Principia Ethica* of G. E. Moore at Cambridge. It was resolutely opposed to rational structures, in a way prophetic of existentialism. It was deeply felt by T. S. Eliot, I. A. Richards, and F. R. Leavis who responded to it in very different ways. And from Cambridge it was carried into many spheres by T. E. Hulme, Lytton Strachey, Clive Bell, and the rest. Its roots and significance may well be in theosophy, which would explain the ease with which the work of Bergson and Henry James seems to assimiliate itself to the influence of these august names in art and philosophy.

MacCarthy can be very enthusiastic about Kipling as "the poet of the herd instinct, and to such a writer independence of thought presents itself as the most insidious enemy." MacCarthy's life-long power in Bloomsbury lay in his distrust of independent thought. He would readily have assented to Lord Chesterfield's observation: "We may thank heaven, my lords, that we have something better than our brains to depend upon." And what this something was in Bloomsbury appears from MacCarthy's delight in one of the later Trivia of Logan Pearsall Smith:

> When by sips of champagne and a few oysters they can no longer keep me from fading away into the infinite azure, "You cannot," I shall whisper my last faint message to the world, "be too fastidious."

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A Brave Man

I WAS A CAPTIVE IN KOREA. Philip Deane. Norton. $3.50.

By GEORGE MILES

AMONG certain units that fought in the recent world war there was an attitude of distaste toward "war correspondents" which equalled in intensity the feeling about those gallant band of entertainers who "gave freely of their time and talent" in shows for the boys. The practice of exploiting the suffering and misery of other men gave the reporters the aspect of professional mourners, and undignified ones at that. This book, making an appropriate appearance with the exchange of prisoners (some of whom verify the cruelty and privation), does much to dispel the belief that all battle reporters are fraudulent opportunists.

Philip Deane (said to be a Greek with the striking Homeric and onomatopoeic name, Mike Gigantes) worked for the London *Observer,* sending dispatches from Korea. He actually accompanied front line platoons and forward patrols, and, after thirteen days on the battlefield, he was shot four times while attempting to rescue two wounded Americans who were pinned down.

He saw injured men killed because they could not rise; he witnessed terrible acts of cruelty during the death march which he made to a prisoner of war camp. His thirst was so great that he drank from pools filled with excreta; he suffered hunger and beatings and fantastic frigid temperatures. Everything in this book indicates that Deane is a good and brave man.

His writing has the tone of a transcription of a simple, honest, reserved and humorous oral tale. Small mention is made of himself although he recreates some wonderful personalities from among his companions—the kind Commissioner Lord of the Salvation Army, the witty French diplomat, Perruche, Monsignor Quinlan, who would not permit his friends to condemn the brutal guards, and even Mr. Moon, a treacherous South Korean who informed on his countrymen whenever it could benefit him. The viciousness of evil men and the strength of the men of good will is illuminated and magnified by the quiet, natural style.

Previous comments have already made a legendary figure of Lieutenant Cordus Thornton, who was murdered by a vicious North Korean known as The Tiger because he permitted dying men to drop out of line. Thornton answered all questions put to him by his insolent captor courteously and calmly, then did a military about-face to receive his death bullet. Mention has also been made of the killing of the aged nun, Mother Superior Beatrice, and the prison camp death of Bishop Burns, the Apostolic Delegate. But other things which are just as noteworthy have been neglected.

Deane claims that corroborating evidence establishes the authenticity of a report depicting a mass killing of North Koreans by South Koreans while American officers

Civil Liberties VI

"America, this republic, the democracy in which we live, is a living thing which cannot be contemplated and categorized, like the image of a thing which I can make; it cannot be fabricated. It is not and never will be perfect because the standard of perfection does not apply here. Dissent belongs to this living matter as much as consent does. The limitations of dissent lie in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights and nowhere else. If you try to 'make America more American' or a model of democracy according to any preconceived idea, you can only destroy it. . . ."

Hannah Arendt
in The Commonweal
March 20, 1953

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stood in attendance. He points out the incongruous aspect of demolished homes and civil buildings surrounding military targets which were untouched by the tremendous bombing of the United Nations Air Force. These descriptions must surely cause concern among patriots who feel that their countries cannot do wrong and they must cause greater doubt about the stand taken by people who attribute extraordinary powers to our airmen and who claim that military supremacy can be seized by means of, solely, or in greatest part, air elements. Then, too, there is a splendid, credible account of the train journey through Russia in which her ordinary people are revealed as having other qualities besides gloomy pessimism and stubborn belligerence. The picture of the drunken engineer who kissed all the repatriates indicates that when tipsy, at least, a Russian can be like an American or an Italian, or even an Irishman.

The most admirable trait of this book is its reasonable manner. Several North Koreans exhibit generous emotions, several South Koreans and Americans demonstrate that treachery and cowardice are not monopolized by the enemy. The absence of dramatics enlarges the value of the story.

In addition to its importance as a document which unveils appalling acts of cruelty and reasserts the terrible ability of men in these advanced days to act like barbarians, the book is a moving expression of personal courage and good will. The modesty of the writing is a refreshing relief from the callous arrogance and the blatant sentimentalities which fill the lines of many war correspondents. The mild, straightforward recital could serve well as a model for future reports. Many thanks are due to this Gigantes-Deane for his words and his deeds.

HOLY WORK. By Rembert Sorg, O.S.B. Pio Decimo (St. Louis). Cloth: $2.50; Paper: $1.50.

Among Benedictines there are two schools of thought as to the role of manual labor in their monastic tradition. Father Sorg presents a plentifully documented case which interprets *Ora et Labora* literally, as a universal obligation devolving upon every able-bodied monk. When he applies this principle to the laity, to families seeking to live in accordance with the venerable Benedictine ideal, it leads him inexorably to the back-to-the-land movement—preferably, as he sees it, groups of families clustered around a monastery. Some of his most appealing passages deal with the relationship of the personal poverty of the monk to the good of his community and the Christian duty of expending one's physical energies to provide alms for the needy.

REVIEWERS

Marshall McLuhan, author of *The Mechanical Bride*, is a member of the English faculty at St. Michael's College in Toronto.

George Miles is a frequent contributor to The Commonweal.

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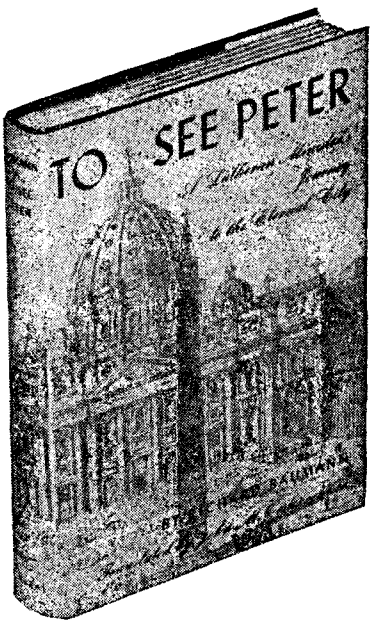

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